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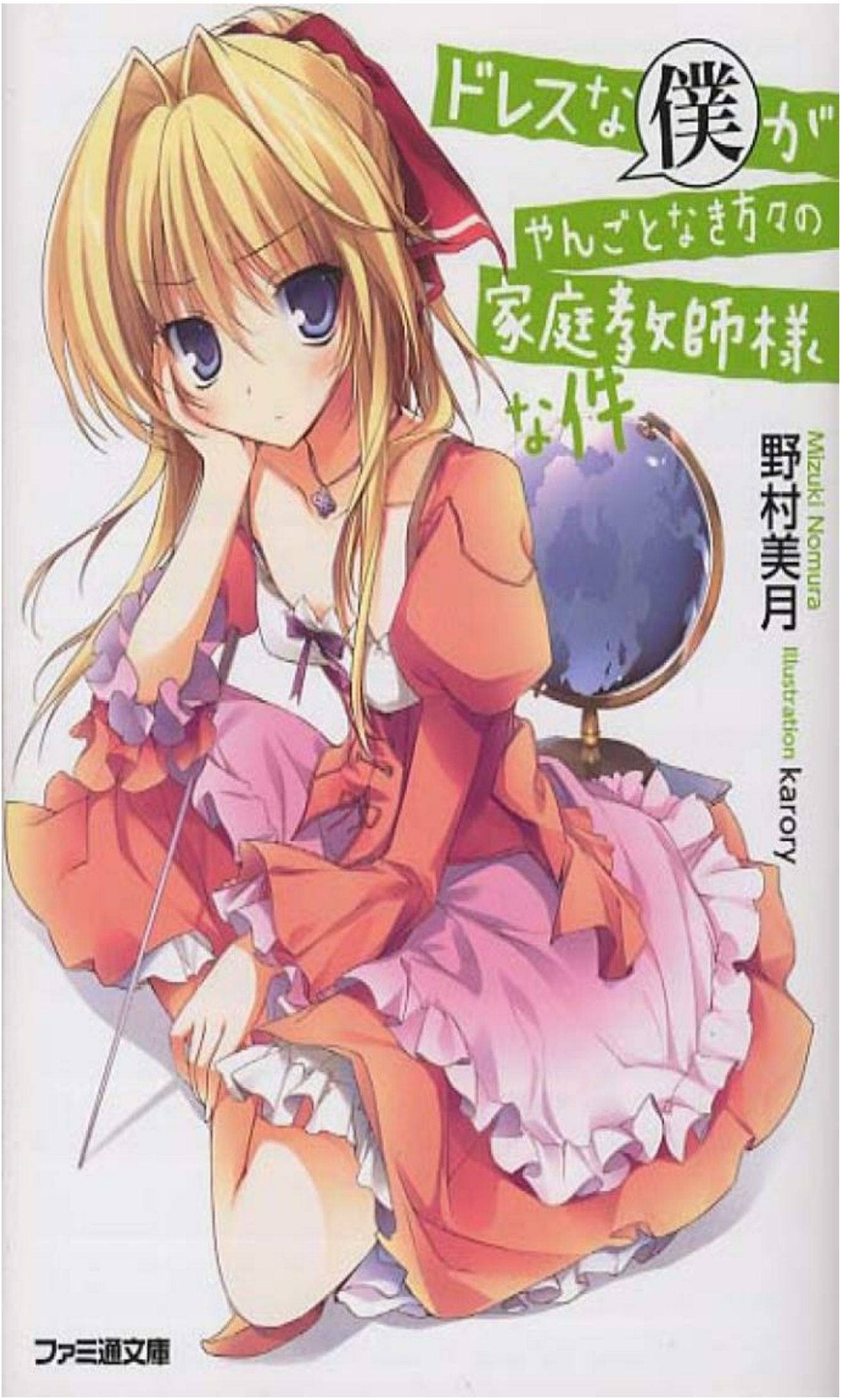
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Dress na Boku ga Yangotonaki Katagata no Katei Kyoushi-sama na Kudan - Volume 01 Chapter 01 (Incomplete)

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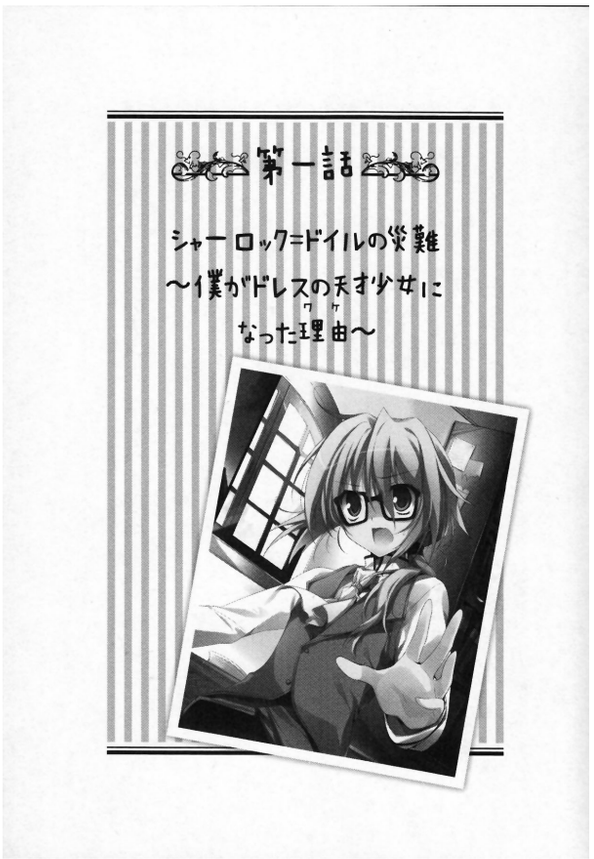
Chapter 1 Sherlock’s Disaster

Chapter 1 : Sherlock’s Disaster



Part 1 : The Reason Why I was Dressed as the Genius Young Girl

“Oh! Isn’t this royal lady Miss Glinda, the alleged genius young girl?” Endless cries sounded within the large hall in the palace. “She is the great mind and the jewel of Winstoria, the country known for its knowledge and arts!” “Even the king, too, lets her do things to her heart’s content!" “The king of Winstora sending her is the proof of our country's, Ehren’s, alliance with theirs.”

Even in the evening, the hall was as bright as the noon. Hung way on top on the ceiling was a multitude of candles, burning delightfully. In this welcoming ceremony, the buzzing, prestigious men of Ehren surrounded the genius, Miss Glinda. This Miss Glinda these men landed their curious eyes on was me[1], who was wrapped in glamorous western-style clothes. I curled up my body like a caterpillar, walking forward, timid and afraid.

“So this is Miss Glinda, alleged to be a beautiful girl with lively, glamorous

golden hair, burning eyes lit with fire, and a neck that rivals that of swans. But she just looks like any other adorable girl in their seventeen's."

"Don't be fooled by her appearance. Miss Glinda can surpass a hundred scholars, a thousand businessmen, or even an army of ten thousand."

Comments and debates flung into my ears incessantly. These were words I had heard over and over again since I was a child. Speaking of Doyle Glinda from the Winstoria Kingdom, she was a versatile genius: she was admitted with full marks into the central university of the Winstoria Kingdom when she was seven. And when she was twelve, she took the role as a professor. The next year, the king offered her a room to start serving as the deputy director of both the cultural department and the royal institute. Until then, when she was seventeen, she was a monster, being a genius not only at knowledge essentially but also at politics, economics, arts, and military affairs. This wasn't any exaggeration. The appalling thing that tickled me was that all of these comments on Glinda were all authentic! However, there was a problem of paramount importance lying upon my eyes. It was the fact that the person bathed in the eyes of the prestigious people of Ehren, the person scared to death, was not the versatile genius Miss Glinda but an ordinary guy, her twin brother Sherlock Doyle—that would be me. [2]

Ahhhhhhhhh. What the hell had happened? How did I end up here?

Everything started last week. At that time, I was still a downright loser doing household chores at Souvans, the capital of the Winstoria Kingdom. After breaking up with the flower-like girl[3] who works in a bread store on the street, when I planned to weep over my wound, that guy appeared.

"Hey. Welcome back. You're Sher-kun, right?"

A man had opened the door with a special key while I was out, and was now sitting on the sofa in the living room, smiling to me with an elegant face different from that of a thief. He had a long, slim body. He was wearing a black jacket, a black sleeveless garment, back pants, black gloves—everything he wore was black—even the hair bound behind his back was black. The tender, shimmering eyes were yet of a deep so blue one could not see any falseness in it. Sher, the name he called me, was my nickname. My dad was a businessman born in the

Orlando Kingdom[4] on the west side. My mum was from the Romasia Kingdom[5] on the south side. They used to call me Sher when I was still a child. Until then, no one would call me Sherlock or Shirley[6] but Sher instead. However, since I became a return student after failing the preparation test for university, my small number of friends was gone. As such, I felt detested to see this smiling person in front of me, and I couldn't imagine comparing this man of success in his life to me, a loser in everything, even in his love affairs.

"Who are you?"

I couldn't fathom why the smile on his face grew wider and larger after I had questioned him with such an attitude.

"Oh. I'm sorry for my belated self-introduction. I'm Helmut Dahlberg, a colleague of your sister as well as a diplomat."

Dang. He really was one of those people familiar with Glinda. A diplomat? They are the first-grade civil servants. How dare he just come in recklessly as he wanted to. Was he Glinda's lover? He had a good look, unfortunately, Glinda wouldn't fall in love with any male.

"If you're looking for Glinda, she will either be in the cultural department or the royal institute. She won't return home normally. And she'll be at Ehren next week. The king has called her to serve as a home teacher of the king's children. Shouldn't you know of this from the newspapers?"

Ehren was a small island country in the west and had been shutting itself from other countries for a very long time a while ago. About ten years ago, the present king, called as the hero king or the deity king, declared that their country would now be going to actively absorb cultures from other countries. At spring of this year, Ehren and the Winstoria kingdom formed a new alliance, and as the proof of their union, Miss Glinda, the country's proud genius young woman, was sent to Ehren to be the home teacher of the King's children. Nevertheless, compared to my sister, I had no strengths, having to depend on my sister even for my basic needs. Not to mention I failed the preparation test for university and was ditched by my girlfriend. There was not a single attachment of my sister to me, a failure with no sign of a future of any kind.

“We need your help, Sher-kun.”

“Me? Aren’t you looking for Glinda?”

“I’m sorry, Sher-kun.”

His think, long fingers stretched to me, took off my glasses, and then loosened the knot of my bundled hair, my tousled hair pointing in all directions.

“W-What are you trying to do?”

The diplomat, brimming with masculine-sense, glared at my panicking face directly and nodded his head afterward.

“Yes. Indeed.”

“What? Indeed?”

“Sher-kun. How many fingers do I have here? Can you see them?”

Neglecting my question with a seeming attitude, the diplomat then raised his fingers.

“Two.”

“How about this?”

I stopped for a while.

“Three.”

“Your eyesight is well. Why are you wearing glasses?”

“This is my freedom! Now, give me back my glasses!”

Out of my expectation, the diplomat swiftly dodged my stretching hand and showed a genuine, amiable smile.

“Sher-Kun, you’re a wonder like no other. These eyes you have. This nose. These lips. This neck and limbs. Even your waist is small. With such white skin, short figure, and high voice—everything is perfect! There is no other boy who would be suitable to wear Glinda’s clothes!”

“What are you talking about, you per—!”

The creeps got on me. Wasn’t the fact that he said I was very suitable for my sister’s clothes proof that he was a pervert? Some kind of pervert that loves

boys? Seeing me back off, the perverted diplomat heaved a deep sigh.

“The truth is that Glinda have gone missing.”

“Ha?”

Missing? Glinda?

“Two days ago, she wrote down on the table in the cultural department: ‘From now on, Glinda Doyle will resign from all matters.’”

Glinda Doyle resigned from work? Not long, my breathing patterns accelerated, my heartbeat raced, even some sweat started to ooze out.

“Hey! But look, Glinda is so mischievous and elusive—she’s a bit different from normal people.”

Even if Glinda was so mischievous, I was sure that she wouldn’t bring hassle to others by getting lost after the extravagant news of her visiting Ehren. Even if she was so elusive, capricious, self-centered, and taking no heed of the feelings of others at all, she would still take on the king’s orders with a simple nod...oh, actually, maybe she won’t. Then, what the...how terrible! How terrible this would be!

“But! Glinda, she will definitely come back after a while like nothing happened!”

Looking at me, who was sweating from head to toe, from the mirror, the diplomat Helmut stared at me with a stern look.

“If this was possible, the emperor’s military would have found her in these two days. However, no luck. They haven’t found her yet.”

“The emperor’s military...”

What a huge matter this has grown into! Blood has drained from me momentarily. What should I do now, Glinda?

“The problem at hand is that the ship to Ehren will leave tomorrow. We must find a way — any way — to put Glinda on that ship.”

“Y-Your face is too close. Okay. Just tell the king of Ehren that Miss Glinda’s sickness has deteriorated, and the event has to be postponed.”

“Impossible,” he refuted distinctly, “many countries have been fixing their attention at this event — Glinda’s going to Ehren. This can result in breaking the friendship bond between Ehren and our country. It’s a very important political problem.”

“Your face...is really too close! So, what should we do?”

My feeling of premonition grew larger gradually. I was only an ordinary peasant with a famous sister. I was only a stupid love fool and shut-in, waiting to be called to the army force. Hold on a minute — does this mean I have to... ‘Interesting History Documents’, a book I favoured, suddenly popped up in my mind. It was about a female swindler who pretended to be a duke’s illegitimate daughter to be sent to another country to be married as a princess. There was also some kind of fool called Calnucker who was referred as the red army lord of Orlanda and a hero of some sort. He even found someone to do his university preparation test for him — this nonsense composed the story. And while I was reading the book, I retorted here and there, laughing and thinking how impossible it was for those things to occur. Facing and lying on the walls of the narrow room, I, trembling vehemently, was chased down by the black-cloaked diplomat like those cat-chase-rat games, with the diplomat having that bright, eager smile.

“Sher-kun, please take on Glinda’s role of being a home teacher for the children of Ehren’s king.”

My mind became void all of a sudden.

“No way! This is too difficult!”

What a ridiculous idea.

“Even if Glinda and I are twins, she’s a girl, and I a boy!”

“I know this as well. However, these are all tiny and insignificant matters when compared to the affairs of the whole country.”

“Don’t say such things with such a stern look on your face! This is completely not a tiny matter! Aren’t boys and girls completely different from each other!”

“Well. What difference is there?”

Helmut stared at my body insolently.

“There are no breasts here. You see, the breasts!”

“Glinda’s aren’t big too. Besides, pads will help.”

“Ha. I’m at puberty, you see. I’ll grow taller; even my muscles will gradually form. My beard will sprout one day, and my voice will become low and dry! My identity will definitely be revealed in no more than two years of time! Glinda is someone who was admitted into the highest educational institute with flying colours when she was only seven, yet, being seventeen, I even failed the preparation test for university. I’ll never take on the job well!”

I was surely not capable of taking her role. This was a definite ‘no’. But then, the diplomat Helmut just replied, ‘Hey. You won’t know until you try.”

Having said that with a lighthearted smile, he pushed me into the chariot, taking me into some big house, then bound my waist, stuffed some pads at my chest, dressed me nicely, smeared my hair meticulously with rose oil and bound my hair. In front of the large whole-scale mirror I could see a young girl with golden hair, wearing a vast amount of laced silk clothing — it was me, who looked very much like Glinda! Although the face was almost the same, I, Glinda’s brother, was only an ordinary person from head to toe. It was because I hated to be compared to my sister that I had to cover my face and wear glasses, and went as far as letting my hair on the front all the way down. Ahhhhhhhhh. For all these seventeen years, I had hoped that I wouldn’t be like Glinda. Why...Why was my skin so bright and smooth, my eyes so glamorous, my eyebrows so long! My lips were as pink as my hairband, slightly trembling due to the forced treatment, so feeble and fragile that produced the adorableness one couldn’t stand from protecting. What should I do? I’m even mesmerised by my own charm! Holding my shivering shoulders, Helmut said with a friendly voice, “You’re perfect, Sher-kun. Now the mission for you to take on Glinda’s role is easy as cake. What a relief that the outside world didn’t know that Glinda has a twin brother. Moreover, the princes and princesses of the emperor are all still children. The oldest just having had his eleventh birthday a few days ago; and the youngest only five. You only have to teach them some basic math, like what the primary schools teach nearby. Isn’t this job as easy as cake? Of course, the elite military of the Winstoria Kingdom would risk their dignity just to search for Glinda. It

won’t be long, probably half a month at most — no, with their experience, knowledge, and ability, one week should be enough to do the job.”

“No. I want to go home! This is abduction. You hentai police who picked the wrong guy!!”

I would never agree to be under this torture for a total month however he tried to convince me. Like a child, I jumped up and down, waved my hands expressing dissatisfaction.

“If you continue to protest and escape, Glinda would be locked behind bars for treason.”

“Wuaghh.”

“Once this happens, and if this was the reason Ehren and the Winstoria Kindom fired off a battle, not only Glinda but also her relatives—you, that is—won’t be allowed to stroll on the streets ever again.”

“Wuuaghh.”

“No. You and your sister will be hung.”

“!”

This dark-hearted diplomat threatened me with a smile so genuine that the owner wouldn’t want even to kill a bug.

“For Glinda is a genius, it’s impossible to catch her if she escapes with simple methods. But, the country must do something in response to this incident: that will be letting you to be the scapegoat and take your sister’s place of imprisonment. Do you want to receive detention and be imprisoned for treason, or do you want to be welcomed extravagantly in the palace as a royal highness? Even someone as ordinary as you know how to choose, right? Sher-kun.”

Didn’t he just claim that the military of the Winstoria Kingdom are so excellent they could quickly catch Glinda? Then why was I to be the scapegoat for imprisonment? Wasn’t this contradictory? Forget it. This problem was too tricky for further investigation. I would have to acquiesce for now. War! Imprisonment! To be hung to death! I couldn’t fight these wild imaginations off my head, my stomach twisting together so strongly like never since (or maybe it was ascribed

to my waist being bounded).

“Wuagh. I’ll let you be in charge.”

The next day, under the supervision of the gracefully smiling swindler Helmut, I was shipped to Ehren. I felt sick of the vibrant shaking feeling in the ship for it was the first time I had ever taken a ship ride. I spent the whole week of the voyage vomiting in a room, spewing out everything from my stomach. In these few days everything inside my body felt blank as ever, making me feel like a dry old mummy. When the ship voyage ended, I headed to the palace of Ehren slowly in a chariot beside two rows of soldiers holding their guns upright, entering a monumental building surrounded by high, solid walls. Guardians also stood along the building. In this sudden strict and tight atmosphere, I couldn’t act out any elegancy but to advance forward to the hall cautiously. I was wearing a dress, taking the role of a genius young woman. Crap—my stomach was strapped tightly—it felt terrible. Actually, everywhere on my body was strapped tightly. This strap must have been made from whalebones, for it pressed on my limbs so hard they were about to snap apart! What a torture! Those buttons behind was so pressed they seem to snap off too. Oh, how I felt like a sausage. Furthermore, what was wrong with this skirt! It was too heavy, like a piece of lead hanging on my waist. And this butterfly-knotted boot made from swan’s down was too small. Every step I take I would nearly miss the floor; my heels are starting to tremble. To uphold the integrity of the Winstoria Kingdom, the best dresses and boots are used in the welcoming ceremony of the Ehren king’s family. These costumes wouldn’t be seen on ordinary female workers. This was what the diplomat Helmut told me proudly. But why—why would I, a boy, have to pretend to be a princess!

“Don’t worry. Everyone will believe you’re an adorable young girl. Even people on the streets would want to hit on you, “ that Helmut guy blabbered endlessly and shamelessly.

To be hit on by some guy? How embarrassing. Wahh. My vision had been blurred. To be commented by some strange old freaks in the castle of another country—my small, thin nerves are soon to be torn apart. I had never experienced being the spotlight of so many people. Since childhood, I had kept a low profile of almost no sense of existence whatsoever. When I was at middle

school, I summoned my courage to confess to a girl in the same class, but she replied to me with an angelic smile, “Who are you?” Hell, what? Why was that man over there, who has a beer belly, looking over here with a detested face? That man was wearing even more gorgeous clothes than the people around him. Hold on a minute. Was he the king? Did this mean he didn’t welcome me? His eyes grew with fire, as if telling me that someone as detestable as I had better go home. Wait. The king of Ehren should still be very young. Did he grow old so fast because he had to control a whole country, bearing on pressure and hard work an ordinary peasant like I couldn’t imagine? Suddenly, so refreshing a sound broke the air one couldn’t help shivering to it.

“Welcome to Ehren. It’s my pleasure and joy as king to welcome you versatile genius, Miss Glinda.”

What? His voice and his face didn’t match at all. By the way, that guy’s mouth had been shut all along. I averted my vision to a side. There stood a lovely thing with even more gorgeous clothes than the fat guy, wearing a cloak with fur lining. I stared my eyes wide at that thing, opening my mouth wide like an idiot. What? A beauty? Was this an artwork this country collected? Or was this a world heritage? It felt completely natural to use these exaggerated words to describe this thing, for it had the beauty that humans wouldn’t have had. The loose silver hair bundled behind its back fell on its cyan, glossy clothes softly. Its skin was as if made from plaster. Its small chin had a perfect curve. Under its graceful eyebrows were deep blue eyes resembling the colour of the ocean of the northern countries. Its lips bloomed a delightful, magnificent smile. Every part of its body was like a female, but there wasn’t any feebleness lying within: captivating dignity and exceeding glamour emanated from its head to toe.

“The king of Ehren, Cecillo, had the beauty like gods.”

As if dancing from above the heavens, his silver and blue stature made everything around him lose their colours. Only one glance was enough to make one to eagerly bow to this beautiful and elegant lad. On a side note, when I first heard of him from the newspapers, I scoffed at them in my heart that in fact he was just an old and unpopular man. But he was really a king with transcending beauty. It felt odd and subtle to compare him to ‘super beautiful women’...actually this was my failed attempt in making an ironic statement. It

seemed he was too beautiful a soul that induced feebleness in my legs. Oh, how many people in the world would be like him? According to the 'World Royal Illustrations', there would be over thirty, but were all of these shimmering creatures monsters? They weren't human to start with! When I looked at myself who pretended to be Glinda through the reflection of the mirror, I was stunned and thought what a gentle, beautiful person I was. But now that I compare myself to the king, I was in fact just a cricket—no, an ant—no, not even a flea! The fat-stomach guy still stared at the stunned me with a surprised look. When I noticed this, I came back to my senses.

"I-It's the first time we've met. I'm Glinda Doyle. Thanks to you, this voyage was very painfu—no, pleasant."

I pinched the lower part of my skirt and lowered my head. Arghhh. My waist was still strapped tightly, about to collapse by the increasing tension. Wearing a lady's costume in front such a beautiful person! A lady's custom that would even lose when compared to that man! Wuaghhh. How humiliating. Around Cecillo gathered some children, who obviously were his children and were nurtured pretty well. They began to introduce themselves before their father.

"I'm the eldest prince, Ryuuju. I'm excited to learn about the costumes, traditions and culture of the Winstoria kingdom," the black-haired and blue-eyed successor said formally with his chest held high and face tensed. It was obvious he had been doing too much to establish relationships. With a bit of stammer, he introduced himself statically. The eleven-year-old boy heaved a sigh after trying to be brave and kick off his nervousness.

"I'm the eldest princess, Seria," a young pretty girl with mysterious magenta eyes and lustrous silver hair said while pinching her skirt to salute elegantly. She succeeded her father's beauty and looked like a doll with life blown into her! Though it was a doll with no vigour in her eyes as well as her expression. Her hands, her neck, and her ankle that could barely be seen all were of the lavish white colour. The eldest daughter was about nine. There was no sense of uneasiness to include her into the most beautiful princess in the 'World Royal Illustrations'. On top of that, every member of this family were of the beauty type. While the eldest daughter captivated me and took my attention aloft, my shirt was suddenly pulled downwards. Looking down, I saw two adorable

children with hair as bright and golden as wheat that was bundled with two butterfly knots; their eyes that gazed upon me had the azure colour of the summer sky.

“My, my. Seria-sama is too beautiful that Miss Glinda didn’t pay attention to me. I’m the second sister, Sarasa. Isn’t Miss Glinda a genius? I thought Miss Glinda would grow horns. Aren’t Miss Glinda just another normal person?”

You call me normal? What a stun.

“Glinda’s brother has the same face as his sister, but he hasn’t any attraction like hers.”

“How ordinary Sher is.”

I had known this for a long time. There wasn’t any need to repeat this. I became a bit dejected—but of course I hid it from my face. Then, another princess with the exact face of Sarasa said with a delightful tone, “I’m the third daughter, Orie. I’ve heard, Miss Glinda, that you have wings on your back.”

“Your eyes would emit colours of wavelengths dancing over the spectrum!”

“Your mouth would puff fire, obliterating the armies of the enemy!”

“Have you hid your horn away? Can you let Sarasa and I have a peep—just once, all right?” They pulled on my collar, shaking side to side, with an anticipating look on their faces. I wasn’t sure whether the authentic Glinda had wings or not, but it was sure I hadn’t any! When I was struck dumb, unknowing of how to reply, Cecillo said with a genuine smile, “The horns or wings of Glinda are things rarely seen, like golden leaves, icy leaves, or clovers. Even I, as a fellow-worker, haven’t seen any. But alas, princesses, you will be living with Glinda for two years, so there might be a chance for you to see Glinda with her horns grown.”

“Wuaghh. That’s great! Orie!”

“Really? How I want to fix my eyes upon Miss Glinda every moment.”

The twin princesses held their fingers together, jumping up and down in joy. Their golden hair vibrated along their actions like rabbit ears. I threw glances of resentfulness at Helmut, yet he pretended he didn’t see me, and hid behind the

sisters, remaining silent. The youngest boy put his hand behind his back politely and came in front of me.

“Glinda. This is the second son, Shin.”

“...”

With brown hair and green eyes, the prince looked up at me hazily. Different from the eldest princess, he seemed to be quite weird.

“Nice to meet you, prince.”

“...”

He gave no response. Probably he was just five and he didn’t know what was going on. So, the eldest prince was Ryuuju, the eldest princess Seria, the second and third princesses Sarasa and Orie, who are sisters, and the second prince Shin. Wah. My head had gone all twirling just by trying to remember their names. So, ‘Glinda’ would be the home teacher of these children. But what should be taught to these princes and princesses? Paying change or some history was enough, wasn’t it? Prince Ryuuju was unhappy. Princess Seria kept her icy face. Princesses Sarasa and Orie was so elated a strong sunlight beam that pierced through me. And Prince Shin was now having a nap—a tough job indeed.

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The king smiled elegantly at me, who was getting more nervous and tense.

“My princess just had a sixth child a few days ago, so she is now recuperating and thus couldn't come to greet Miss Glinda.”

Now that he mentioned it, I hadn’t really seen his princess yet. And I hadn’t seen any other young women in the hall save me—oh, I wasn’t a woman to start with! When I was still at a loss, the king suddenly came in front of me. What the...! I felt that my hand was grasped! To be treated with such an intimate attitude, I panicked, my heart racing and my consciousness flying away. Wuaghh. My hand was grasped tightly by a man. How disgusting. What was wrong with this guy? Had he fallen in love with me? Wasn’t it too impetuous of him, a king, to express such good will in front of his vassals and the messengers of the Winstoria kingdom?

“I’m welcoming you along with the princess’s part, Miss Glinda. Please be a teacher not only of the children but also of me.”

Hey. I wasn’t Glinda! I was only an ordinary peasant who read the miscellaneous and social pages of newspapers, ‘Interesting History Documents’, and blabber about the bad words of geniuses, heroes, and fame to acquire happiness, aiming to be a NEET[7]. Sweat bubbled up drop by drop. (By the way, let go of my hand, you sexual-harassing king!) I squeezed a soft voice uneasily, “I-I’ll work hard to meet your expectations.”

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Letting me take on the role of Glinda was certainly arduous. After been through the nerve-wrecking welcoming ceremony, I went to my designated room

alone, throwing myself on the bed, crossing my legs, holding my head, and rolling back and forth.

“What will I work hard for? Everyone was obviously suppressing themselves from laughing.”

Whenever I remember what happened today, my face would get as hot as being burnt. Helmut stood at a side, covering his mouth with his hand, his shoulders vibrating incessantly. Even the king had his mouth vibrate slightly when he held my hand. Oh, how I wanted to go back home. This place was completely different from my flat. It was so lavish a room I couldn’t calm down here. Could I trust the elite military of the Winstoria kingdom? When would they find Glinda? Glinda, where are you? Since long ago, I couldn’t get how Glinda thinks. There were long periods when I couldn’t contact her, yet she would suddenly return home one day and begin her experiment on new medicine, mixing all kinds of liquids together. She would go up on the practice stage, and under the effects of the hypnosis, she would make herself believe that she was a donkey and run off everywhere, shouting. She would abruptly say she had to prepare for some surgery even when she hadn’t any sickness or discomfort, thinking of weird things like an idiot. Nevertheless, if she knew her younger brother would be a substitute for her, would she, albeit someone who thinks almost completely different, come to save his brother out of remorse...or would she? This thought was battling me, stirring up uneasiness within me.

The door was opened with a creaking sound. In a flurry, I placed my knees together, sat upright, tidied up the hem of my skirt[8], and smoothed my hair with my hand. Crisp sounds came from there—was it a thief? No way, this was the palace! Oh, in palaces, there are assassins! Could it be that some other countries sent assassins to take away Glinda’s life to prevent the union of the Winstoria Kingdom and Ehren? I had heard of this kind of story from ‘The Late Carebanat Empire: The Double Spy Princess’ from the newspapers. However, what appeared behind the crevice of the door was those girls with fluffy golden hair and cyan eyes—princess Sarasa and princess Orie.

“Wa! She saw us.”

“It’s because you, Sarasa, who was so loud.”

“Eh? It was you, Orie, who showed your face suddenly.”

Oh, so it wasn’t assassins.

“So, what are you finding I...me for?”

I almost used the wrong pronoun and called myself I.[9] Then, the two twin sisters stuck their tongues and came to me.

“Sorry, Glinda.”

“Actually, all we want is a little peep to see what you’re doing.”

“To see if I have horns on my head or not?”

See what you had done, Helmut. You had let eight-year-olds get serious.

“Do you really have them?”

“Um...”

Embarrassed and flustered, the two of them said with impatience.

“Um...I want to know more about Miss Glinda.”

“What person is Miss Glinda? I really want to know too.”

What? Did this mean I was very popular? Phew, maybe I was in fact a bit cool, being loved by these two girls—oh wait, I was now a ‘girl’, and I wasn’t any lolicon[10] either.

Princess Sarasa and princess Orie lifted their heads to look at me in embarrassment. Their adorable, pitiful faces were more than enough to kill any lolicon on the spot—could they be angels? I was starting to get a bit perturbed. No, I didn’t think of anything nasty!

The little girl, like the fragments of angels, said shyly, “This is because Miss Glinda is going to be our mother.”

What? Your mother?

“If Miss Glinda is someone scary, then we as stepdaughters would be bullied. We’re quite wary of that.”

“However, Miss Glinda is a complete genius and is as adorable as us. It’s all right for Sarasa to call Miss Glinda mum.”[11]

Glinda were going to be married? Only weird guys would suit that weird person. She even had children who were going to be the king? Hold on a minute. Crap.

“Wait! Though I didn’t see her, the king has his wife, right? Where are your mother?”

It was famous in the social page of the news that the king of Ehren had a fetish for his wife, and that the princess had never stepped outside the palace. The moment I noticed the princesses, their faces were grieved, and their eyes were swayed with sorrow.

“Our mum passed away when she gave birth to Shin.”

“!”

“The reason why Shin had no expression on his face was because he lost his mum. It is because that dad loved mum deep from his heart that whenever he sees Shin he would see our deceased mum and would divert his attention from the poor child...”

Seeing eyes that welled up in those four cyan eyes, I couldn’t help becoming perturbed.

“B-But, didn’t the king’s princess give birth to the sixth child and is now recuperating with care?”

“Yeah. Since five years ago she had been staying in the southern palace.”

“What!”

“This is what father thinks: mum is still alive.”

The princesses wept whole-heartedly. What the heck—this was exactly what would happen in the stories on the newspapers! The princess of Ehren passed away five years ago.

“So, the vassals thought something to be done, and thus they want father to have a new princess. That’s why they brought Miss Glinda here.”

Glinda was the princess! Was the king well-informed of this? Glinda was surely a genius, but she was so cold-blooded that she would definitely be unsuitable for any affairs pertaining to love or marriage. Wait, so the Glinda they were saying

now is me? Then, would I need to be married?

The next instant, I couldn't help but bursting, "What the...!"

So, I was the step-princess for that beautiful king?

Part 2 : This Was Because I Had Fallen in Love

I was going to be the king's bride! The angelic princesses wiped their tears with their small hands, gazing up at me, full of hope, making me couldn't help falling over backwards.

"It is because of dad's beauty and wisdom that he was called as some deity. Our deceased mum was also once called a deity. The vassals agreed that normal women aren't fit to be our father's princess."

"Miss Glinda is a genius; you're a pair with our father."

"Yes. Although Miss Glinda might not have the beauty of our father, you are a princess with horns and wings, things that people in another country wouldn't have."

"Yes. Our father has fallen in love for Miss Glinda at first sight."

I couldn't help twitching my mouth.

"Hahahaha. So this is the reason you princesses came here for. Someone like me is not quite suited for someone as beautiful as the king."

The only thing I could do now was to get away with it by a joke. My messy mind couldn't make any logical thinking. [12]

"But, when dad looked at Glinda, his eyes were burning with fire."

Huh? What the heck were you saying? These words you say gave me the chills!

"It's the first time dad has looked at someone aside from our mum."

Was that so?

"You held hands with him, right?"

Yes. I had also thought that what had happened there was too intimate! The way he had held his hands with me had been too sticky!

“Do you know this, Miss Glinda? That holding hands together between men and women in Ehren has a special meaning. It means that one has the intention to walk with you the path of life. There is even a tradition that couples about to be married will hold hands while dancing.”

Princess Sarasa and princess Orie started to jump up and down briskly. The hem of their folded skirt scattered apart, like two spinning pink flowers. Although it was an action that would excite lolicons, my eyes couldn’t see them as my attention was drifted aloft—how could a simple hand shake be marked with such great meaning! I was going to be the new princess of Ehren!

“Both Orie and I agree with Miss Glinda becoming our new mum.”

“Perhaps Ryuuju-sama and Seria-sama might be against it, but Sarasa and I on your side, Miss Glinda.”

“So everything pertaining to Miss Glinda is everything pertaining to us. We’ll help to say good things about you. So, when can we see your horns?”

“Let’s go to have a stroll at the garden.”

“People who live near the squirrel’s hiding place will tell you squirrels are very adorable,” the princesses continued their persuasion while gripping on my skirt. Their cyan eyes and soft face shot a strong beam of chastity. They played around their imminent new mother—me.

“You can’t lose to Ryuuju-sama, Miss Glinda.”

“You’ll have to do your best, Miss Glinda.”

Encouraging me extremely adorably, the twin angels walked out of my room in a flurry. The chills had already gone from head to toe inside of me. Even my sweat had been bursting out. Was this even for real? It was totally ridiculous for me to pretend as some female home teacher, but then I also had to become some princess for the king? I was a boy! Hey! I dashed out of my room, preparing for total opposition to Helmut’s proposition. I had never heard I had to be any princess! Uh. The creeps had gone into me; even hives are coming out.

Hmm...where was he?

“Mr. Helmut has already returned.”

“What?”

Was I left alone? Alone? That quick! The sense of being tricked wheezed over my mind. What should I do? If this kept on, I would soon become the princess! Then, everything would be found out when I take off my clothes on the bed! Right at the spot! And after that, I would be hung for lying to the royal family of another country. Ahhhhhhhhh. Hell no! I hate to sleep with some man; I hate to be hung too! If I quickly catch Helmut back, I might be able to take the ship ride probably. Though I wasn’t sure where the pier was, if I don’t act now and escape, I might have to marry a man and get hung afterwards. Indeed, escape! That was the only thing I could do! There might be someone along the corridor, and they might even come around here—mind as well go down through the open windows. As I came to the windows, I was as surprised as being sudden splashed by a bucket of water—this was the fifth floor! Looking down, the moonlight and the light from inside the room spilled on the grass lane and the fountain, showing the great distance they were from each other. I couldn’t help feeling pan and wan. Ehhhhhh. I was going to die if I were to jump from here. Gripping on the handle with all my might, my skirt was blown upwards by the wind, and my tousled hair scuffled against my face. Why—why did I not consider taking off my dress? Under the actions of the wind, my skirt looked as if about to be blown away like a balloon. It was too late to regret. Compared to climbing back up along the way I got down here, continue going down had a lower possibility of actually of falling down. Besides, as a NEET, I hadn’t the strength and strong abdomen and shoulder muscles to climb back up. Being hung was painful, but I also hated to fall down there and go through the pain of the smashing of my skull bones! However, my hands had already been numb, and my legs didn’t feel as dexterous as they had been. What? By the way, some smoky, vague object floated from the window. It was white and warm—fire? Though this was a very climatic time, and I didn’t have the time to care whether there was fire at someone else’s place, I couldn’t just leave it alone. Like a frog, I moved myself horizontally against the wall and came to the window that was puffing smoke. As I came closer, I figured out it was actually water vapour instead of smoke. Inside the windows lay a familiar boy bathing in a bathtub filled with hot water. Oh. The window made a clanging sound! The child stood up abruptly and looked towards this side. Among the rising hot vapour stood a

completely naked boy with his jaws dropped in astonishment—he found out I was sticking at the windows. My skirt might as well have holes everywhere; my hair might as well have become tousled because of the sudden slip. On top of that, because I wasn't used to doing exercises, I gasped strenuously; my shoulders moved up and down; and my eyes were pumped with blood. The naked boy—the successor of Ehren, prince Ryuuju—had a face that turned red as if boiled. His eyebrows yanked upwards; his cheeks twitched, seemingly struck dumb to see me.

"You...You insolent fool!"

Flushing like a cooked octopus, he cried out loud at me.

"Wuaghh. S-Sorry!"

I slid down in a hurry—but there was nothing below for me to land on. I was going to fall—wuaghh! Using all my strength to grip onto the handrail on the balcony, I swayed back and forth like a pendulum clock. Was this kind of condition a fatal crisis? Hmphh—at least I was safe, as I could step on the balcony below. Determined, I let my hands loose, but the repulsion force was too strong that I didn't fall on the balcony below but inside the windows instead. It was gratifying that the windows were open; otherwise I might have crashed on the glass. Splash! As this sound rang in my ears, my whole body was wet. Dang! So Cold! Why was there a pool in a room? Drenched in water, my dress had absorbed water and had become very heavy, pulling me down. I was about to drown—killed by a dress! After the momentary flurry had passed, I could stand up in the water, my knees almost touching the water surface; my hair and collar was soaked and dripped water from their sides. Having brushed away my hair off from my face, I figured out what I had fallen into was not a pool but a bathtub filled with cold water instead. And there was even someone in the bathtub with me! She had silver hair that was composed of silk that had absorbed the essence of moonlight, white, transparent skin, sumptuous limbs and neck, and petal-like lips. She had the transparent eyes resembling purple crystals. She was the nine-year-old princess who succeeded her father's beauty. And she was now looking at me with an expressionless face of a doll.

"...!"

I wanted to cry out dismally, but I couldn't form a sound. Having just seen the eldest prince bathing in his bathroom, I had charged into the bathroom of the eldest princess while she was bathing. Did I have a predestined relationship with bathrooms? Forget it; it was not the time to try to escape from reality. Talking about nine-year-olds, girls at this age should normally say, 'I-I don't want to bath with my dad, hmph.' This nine-year-old girl idling in the bathroom was no exception—how worse could this situation possibly be! If I were to be sued for being a Chikan Otoko[13], I would definitely lose the case.

"Um...I'm not a Chikan Otoko, this is..."

Princess Seria didn't seem to have any reactions towards seeing me covering my hands and trying to work something out of my mouth. Shouldn't you say something or shriek in surprise? Through my fingers I could see she was looking at me with distinct discomfort.

"..."

"Um..."

"..."

"Yes."

When I was in a flurry in my monologue, she finally commenced.

"Teacher, why didn't you take off your clothes?" She said with an adorable voice, but it lacked intonation.

Who was she referring teacher at? Oh, it was I.

"Or is it that it's common at teacher's country to wear clothes while bathing?"

"No, it isn't. In Winstoria, one has to take off their clothes before bathing too. Oh right, king Cricum Halu, the seventh king, was famous for bathing with long robes on that masked all of his skin. And he was even called as the king of strictness—but that didn't really matter," I tried to answer hastily, but the child still seemed imperturbable. Generally, wouldn't anyone be freaked out when someone intruded their room through the windows when they were naked? Wouldn't they feel awkward? Wouldn't they try to stay alert? Oh, it wasn't the time to talk about the costumes of bathing![14]

The princess then said seriously, “well then, please take off your clothes.”

“Eheh. But, there would be all kinds of problems if I were to take them off.”

“Why? Aren’t we all women?”

“Look, it isn’t all right even if we are all women. It’s not quite right to see somebody naked the first day you meet them.”

“...right,” she replied without paying much heed.

Just why didn’t she get infuriated? Her brother covered his body with his hands and shouted at me, blushed, calling me an insolent fool. Why were girls so open among themselves? I had heard that there was a very strong ‘something’ within the girls dormitories.

“But teacher, it’s a personal preference for you to wear your clothes while bathing like king Cricum Halu. I won’t tell others about it.”

“Yes! What I like to wear is...um...up to me[15]...my own personal preference!”

Help. I had spoken twice the word ‘boku’.[16]

Princess Seria lifted her head to look up at me. She had taken off the butterfly knot and pink decorations off her supple and silver hair, which had hence fallen down naturally, swaying in the bathtub dreamily. Water trickled along her small cheeks, falling off to mid-air, and then dripped on her white and smooth chest. Everywhere that the water dripped onto was white and smooth, devoid of any blemishes. She was like a doll made of snow or an elemental spirit of water. Hey. I wasn’t a lolicon! I was definitely not! What I liked were the adorable, smiling girls in their sixteen’s and seventeen’s! Yet, somewhere deep in my brain was heating up, and something under my chest was dancing with increasing speed. No. I wasn’t a lolicon; it was only that this child was very special. Even when she was stared at, there were no imperfections on her body, and she still kept her cool...rats! A peculiar fetish within me was awakened in this close encounter with this child. With this dress on, might my lower body start to react, I would be taken to be a pervert right at the spot. Besides, it was very cold. This bathtub was filled with icy water, as if there were ice cubes floating on the water surface. It was mind-blogging of why this child could still remain so imperturbable.

Gradually, I began to shiver.

“Th-That’s enough for now. I’ve warmed myself up. Excuse me. Haha.”

I stood up in the water, splashing water on water, and walked out of the bathtub. It occurred to me I should be escaping instead of getting all freaked out by a nine-year-old child. Hey, where was the exit?

“...teacher.”

“!”

Cold hands clutched me.

“W-What’s the matter?”

“...teacher, didn’t you come here to see me?” She asked doubtfully with still her expressionless face.

“Eh? N-No.”

This child sure had problems. Where in the world would visitors ‘visit’ someone while invading a bathroom? Anyone who would do that would undoubtedly be a Chikan Otoko.

“Oh.”

“So, excuse I[17]...me for now. I’m heading out.”

Ahah. I had said the wrong pronoun again, but it was not the time to get all mixed up. Escaping should be first priority. I felt that Princess Seria still wanted to cling onto me, but perhaps it was just a misperception. No, I couldn’t turn around.

But then, Seria commenced again, “...teacher, there’s a soap under your feet.”

“Eh?”

At the instant I heard her, I slipped on something, and my body flew backwards. As I gazed upwards, I saw a painting on the ceiling. There was a night dragon and a young girl, probably from a myth. The moment I started to wonder, my head made a loud bang, and I fainted. The back of my head knocked on the edge of the bathtube relentlessly. I just couldn’t fall like this! I had to hold on! Sherlock Doyle! However, the depths of my brain were numb, and my

consciousness slowly faded away from me. Ahahah...what would happen after this?

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It was very warm. It was an infatuating, soft feeling with the fragrance of the sun. I heard a clear singing voice near me.

“The Dragon guardeth the seven doors

The door of water that bestows life

The door of light that hath the god’s name

The door of earth that forgiveth everything

The door of fire that burneth all souls

The door of flowers that chants love

All of the doors are guardeth by the dragon

Thus sleep well, my dear child.”

Wow. What a beautiful sound. It was soft, clear, transparent, and soothing. The only way to know the source of this sound was to open my heavy eyelids.

“Hello. Are you feeling all right?”

A girl of sixteen to seventeen was smiling at me gently. Wuaghh. What an adorable face she had. Having just woken up, I was lost in thought while looking at that smile. Compared to mature, married women, these amiable, peasant-like women were more of my cup of tea. To have her look at me with such attention and care, it felt very adorable, hitting right on the spot I loved. She was even smaller, thinner than me, gentle and kind, with actions resembling birds. Her smooth and black hair was bundled behind her; her black dress was a white apron with flower laces. Was it a maid costume? I didn’t remember I had any maids at my home. Did Glinda recruit her? Should I become love birds with this

child, and stroll in parks together with hands held together...

“Teacher, you slipped in the bathroom, knocked on the edge of the bathtub and passed out. Here, does it still hurt?”

Lightly and softly, she put her hand behind my back as I sat up. She gently stroked my head, giving me a wondrous and comfortable sensation. But then I was quickly forced to come back to reality; my face quickly turned pallid. Oh yes! I had slipped on soap and had fallen down while running out of princess Seria’s bathroom. Then, where was this place? My room wasn’t this lavish. Was I still in the castle? My clothes had been gone and in replacement were white female pajamas. Hey, who changed my clothes!

“W-What about this clothing...”

“It’s me.”

That sudden voice gave me the creeps. Princess Seria was standing there—not naked of course—with a dress, her hair tidied up, beautiful as ever.

“Teacher, you passed away, so I helped you to change your clothes and called her to aid you.”

“Oh, no!”

“I can’t believe it...”

“Yes, yes! But, at that time...”

Had she seen my naked body? Though I wanted to ask so eagerly, I couldn’t! After all that had happened, princess Seria looked the same as before. If the fact that I was a boy had been revealed, she wouldn’t be so imperturbable. Or did she refrain from looking at my naked body while she changed my clothes? It seemed like it. There was some uneasy feeling residing in my heart, but I still spoke to her, “Thanks so much. Princess Seria, you’re a life-saver,” thanking her.

“You’re welcome.”

She still kept her expressionless face as usual. I wondered whether this child was really a nine-year-old. Shouldn’t nine-year-olds have much more different kinds of feelings?[18] She looked uninterested to everything in the world—just like Glinda. She just gazed upon me, fixing her eyes on me.

“But, teacher, for what reason did you enter my room through the windows?”

“!”

My heart was about to start beating. Why did she suddenly ask this question all of a sudden? Was she doing this on purpose?

“Eh, ummmm...I lost my way in the large castle. When I was aware of it, I had already went past the balcony and was climbing on the wall, resulting to what happened...”

I was done for. Who would believe in such a reason? Oh, maybe a child like her would believe in me. I pried into the change of her expressions carefully. She had the icy face that implied that I shouldn’t play dumb on her. Wuaghh. I should think of another better reason. Still, at this moment, a distinct voice sounded.

“My, what a bad situation you’ve fallen into.”

The maid looked at me compassionately.

“I understand what you said, teacher. This castle is indeed too big. Even I too have once lost my way.”

“Really?”

This child believed in me! She even held my hands adorably while she said

excitedly.

“Yeah. In snowy days, you will freeze to death in the forest in the castle; when you’ve lost your way in the dressing room, you’ll be trapped in there; when you swipe the windows of the east building, you will be in the west red wine house when you’ve noticed it; when you dry the quilt on the roof, you will roll over with the quilt onto the stems of an apple tree...”

Eh, I got over it nicely.[19]

“Teacher, are you very perturbed? I can understand how you feel. These cases are truly troublesome.”

Trust in me was shone in the maid’s eyes.

“I’ve heard from the king that we should take good care of you, Miss Glinda. This was what I thought, and I’m happy to meet you. From now on, I’ll be extra aware of you, so you can stroll in the castle at ease without having to care about losing your way.”

“Th-Thanks.”

Though puzzled, I could assert she was an amiable, good child. I was almost moved to tears by her good will. If I were to date her at the park...but to imagine the scene of myself wearing a dress and her a maid costume dejected me a bit.

“Have you grown hungry after sleeping until now? Do you want something to eat? Be it congee, soup, or sandwiches. I’ll bring them to you.”

“Are you going to make it?”

“Yes. But I don’t know whether it suits your taste, teacher. Oh, I’m very confident in making desserts as well as English tea”, the maid said, blushing, in embarrassment.

Help! That was indeed adorable! Her conservative look and actions twirled my heart around.

“So, I want some desserts, English tea, and a sandwich, please,” I requested bluntly.

“Okay,” the maid replied clearly with a smile.

“I’ll be right back.”

The maid quietly left the room afterwards, leaving princess Seria and I behind. I was almost at a loss when seeing her off. When I had noticed it, princess Seria was staring at me all along.

“...”

“Haha...haha... Princess Seria, thanks for your care.”

“Don’t mention it.”

“Um. Is my breast very small? My, I think it can be taken as a flat chest, so I’m always mistaken as a boy. But I’m no question a girl. Usually, I would put on five layers of pads.”

Perhaps, this wasn’t something that could be easily said.

“And my crotch has become a bit swollen because it was bitten by insects.”

“Crotch?”

“Any-Anyway! I was just raving. Just...just forget it.”

I had to calm down. Why would any girl talk anything about their crotches! This topic was heading along an awkward path.

“Isn’t that maid adorable?”

“Yes.”

“It’s rare to see people with black hair in Ehren.” [20]

The general population of Ehren had golden hair and blue eyes. Black hair was an evidence of someone outside this country.[21] This child who looked a bit blank seemed to be quite sensible of thought after all. This wasn’t any nine-year-old would say. Or was the truth that every princess in the royal family was like this?[22]

“...Miss Glinda.”

“Yes.”

“Teacher, were you looking for something a while ago?”

“!”

What was she trying to say? She remained silent for a moment, eyeing me closely.

“Indeed.”

Her voice, devoid of intonation, sounded in a regular pattern. What? I was mindful of what she was scheming. Was she planning to tease me, the teacher? When I was slowly falling in to the depths of horror, the maid came back, saving me at the perfectly right time.

“Sorry for letting you wait, Miss Glinda.”

Her breezy sound warmed the air once again. On the silver food cart was a teapot with English tea and a cup, sandwich, small cakes decorated by fruits, and pound cakes made of tomatoes and olives. The maid smiled as she poured the English tea into the cup.

“It’s all done. Please serve yourself.”

“Yep. Let’s eat.” [23]

I quickly stuffed the sandwich into my mouth—sandwiched inside the bread were cucumber and ham along with a bit of mustard that added a slight sweetness to it—it was delicious.[24] The maid wore a smile upon seeing my satisfaction.

“Thanks. Please serve yourself a bit slower.”

“Sure.”

I ate them one by one and eventually gobbled all of them up.

“It’s fantastic!”

“Super!”

Hearing my praise, the maid showed a delightful smile. It was all like a honeymoon—if I wasn’t wearing a dress...

“By the way, I heard someone singing while I was sleeping. Was that you?” I asked in embarrassment.

“Yes. I’m sorry for interrupting your sleep.”

“No, definitely not! That was a superb voice! It’s the best sound I’ve ever heard in my life.”

With that assertion, I blushed even stronger in embarrassment.

“But Miss Glinda is born in the Winstoria kingdom known for its science and arts. Miss Glinda, you should have heard of a spectrum of splendid music. You need not to say such words of flattery.”

“This isn’t flattery. You’re voice transcends even the most famous singer in the Winstoria kingdom.”

She twisted, her lips forming a smile like a flower blooming.

“Um...I’m very happy. Thank you. People in the Winstoria kingdom are very familiar to music since their childhood. Miss Glinda, which instrument do you prefer?”

Looking at her mesmerising, adorable smile, I replied, “Um. I know a bit of tambourine,” and blushed at the instant after I spoke. With seven bells of wrist sizes embedded on the tambourine, it was so simple an instrument that even children would know how to play. Talking about music, if one were to grow up in Souvans, the capital of the Winstoria kindom, where it was commonplace to see a family performing music on weekdays, it would be despicable for one to only know some clanging tambourines. Of course, the authentic Glinda could play the piano or the violin nearly perfectly. She would be fine to even coordinate the best orchestra in Winstoria kingdom. On that stage when she played, music that could captivate the minds of many had become merely a legend now. Why...why did such a genius choose tambourines...gasp. The maid smiled softly, her ears turning red. It was a smile that had the charisma of a blooming flower. So elegant and gentle it was that merely seeing it would embrace one in happiness.

“Ah...that’s so adorable.”

Was it flattery? I didn’t mind. All I know was that her voice came from the joyfulness, happiness, and warmth deep in her heart.

“I also think that the sound that tambourines produce are very cute and enjoyable.”

My heart raced out of my control. Her warm words, gentle smile, and placid

breadth of mind —they produced an extremely honeysweet touch. Help. What was the matter? The irregular pounds in my heart couldn't be ceased. My heart grieved greatly. Was this 'that'? The thing was that I had just broken up. With this light dress on me, everything was just...oh, I had completely forgotten the nine-year-old girl that was beside me when I woke up. A vague sweet, joyful feeling squirted in my heart, as messy and indistinct as nose-bleeding. I knew this feeling—it was love.

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"It's quite rejuvenating to stay here and idle away some time."

On the next day, I leisurely spend my day in my room with resting after the bumpy long ride as the reason. Be it breakfast or lunch, it was always the delicate, thin, adorable, black-haired maid who brought it to me. Merely looking at her amiable smile would make me afloat—how mighty love was. I wanted eagerly to return to the Winstoria kingdom yesterday and the time before, but now I was fine with taking on the role of Glinda if this happiness could last. Besides, my students are just children aged around eleven to fifteen; I can manage and teach those calculations in junior high. And I could use the revenue of Ehren to live a lavish life in this wide and luxurious room. Isn't this, to some extent, the ideal NEET life I was looking for?

"Yeah. It would be fine even if it was you, Sher-kun."

The scene of the diplomat Helmut was smiling to support me reappeared in my head. Although he forced me to wear those clothes and cheated me into coming to this remote island country, I encountered a new love because of him. So, I mind as well forgive him. Or even, thanks, Mr. Helmut! Thanks too to the missing Glinda! This was the first spring eulogy I ever had in my life. This was because I had fallen in love. How wonderful it felt. Nevertheless, I had forgotten a very important thing, and thinking about this now was too late. The door of my room was suddenly opened, and maids holding clothes, ornaments, and make-up

came in one by one.

“These are all the presents the king are giving to you. Tonight’s banquet is a special banquet to greet the long-vacant space of the king’s princess, so please let us help you to prepare for it, Miss Glinda.”

I felt I might faint after hearing this. I had almost forgotten it! I was still the imminent substitute for the king’s princess!

Part 3 : I have said that wedding dresses don’t work!

Translation Notes

1. ↑ boku, a young boy referral to himself, also used by tomboyish girls
2. ↑ No, Watson. He is not your partner.
3. ↑ flower may mean the girl is beautiful or may mean their parting was expected as flowers are expected to rot after they bloom
4. ↑ No. Don’t expect any Disneyland there.
5. ↑ The Roman empire wasn’t built in Asia.
6. ↑ of course they won’t call you Shirley, you cross-dresser!!
7. ↑ Not In Employment, Education, and Training
8. ↑ an ordinary guy would have never been aware of the skirt
9. ↑ Sherlock wanted to say boku, but then he changed to watashi, as boku is a male pronoun of oneself in Japanese
10. ↑ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lolicon
11. ↑ oka-san
12. ↑ have you ever once had any?
13. ↑ molester men, or perverts who stalk females
14. ↑ In fact, people in the middle ages across Europe didn’t have any embarrassment or shame to be exposed to others while bathing or going to the washroom. We can guess the kingdom the protagonist was in should most likely be Japan, as Japanese, since the old times, are introverts who didn’t like others to witness their private times and businesses in the washroom. In the old ages, when Japanese princesses are going to the toilet, she would have servants outside splashing buckets of water against each other to mask the sound of her business.

15. ↑ boku, a male referral to oneself
16. ↑ boku, a male referral to oneself
17. ↑ boku, a male referral to oneself
18. ↑ Feelings and expressions are generally acquired through observation of the people around oneself. The ability to express one's emotions naturally an exerting them correctly is called emotional intelligence (EQ), although having the ability to improve your life with appropriate emotions is called emotional literacy.
19. ↑ oh, did you?
20. ↑ Why do I get The Familiar of Zero dibs...
21. ↑ Ever heard of hair dye?
22. ↑ Dude, you've just witnessed two princess twins with hyperactivity disorder.
23. ↑ itadakimasu, a Japanese saying of thanking for the food before one starts eating a meal
24. ↑ McDonald's commercials are better than yours